

Horticultural.

POMOLOGY IN ALLEGAN COUNTY.

From the report of G. H. LaFleur, Secretary of the Allegan County Pomological Society, we make a few extracts of discussions at the November meeting, which was well attended. The first topic considered was apples:

J. M. Granger reported the result of spraying apple trees with Paris green; his experience was so favorable that he will repeat the process another year.

M. A. Powell said at the last meeting the secretary recommended planting five or six varieties of apples for a market orchard. He wanted to know why he would plant more than one variety; why not select the best one variety and plant exclusively of that kind. The secretary replied that he would call upon some of the fruit-growers present to answer for him, and called upon Allen Wood, who said he was not in favor of planting exclusively of one variety. The Baldwin is a popular variety, and usually heads the list for a bill of apple trees, by most fruit-growers. The tree is tender and is often injured by cold winters. It bears only each alternate year. The fruit is not first quality; it does not compare with the Northern Spy for dessert. The Spy, too, has some objectionable points. The tree is tardy in coming into bearing, but when once in bearing it equals the Baldwin in production; the tree is hardy and healthy; it blossoms late in spring, escaping late frosts. Under favorable conditions the fruit is large and hangs well on the slender twigs, and will keep well if handled with care.

J. M. Granger—Baldwin trees had paid him much better than any other variety. If he were to plant an orchard of 1,000 trees, he would plant all Baldwin and take his chances on that variety. None equal the Baldwin for profit with him.

Fred Loew, of Salem, would plant only Baldwin, from the fact that he had paid him better than any other kind; should stick to it until he found something better. The Northern Spy has many good qualities and there are several kinds highly spoken of, some preferring one kind, some other kinds; perhaps this may be in part owing to soil and location. No one variety will have the same on different soils and conditions. On this account he would find out what kinds were adapted to the particular location where the orchard is to be planted. When he found any apple tree in his orchard that was not profitable he had it top-grafted. Set all the grafts needed to form a good top the first year. When the grafts are one year old cut off one-third of the old top left on when grafted; cut the balance one in and two years; keep the wax in good condition; if it cracks or falls off, apply more.

Christian Loew—The Baldwin, where the conditions are favorable, is undoubtedly one of the most profitable apples grown; but the tree is too tender for some situations. He does not consider it best to risk everything on any one single variety. The Northern Spy has paid him as well if not better than the Baldwin. The Ben Davis bears young, the tree is hardy, the apple hangs well to the tree and keeps well; it sells well in market; would plant varieties of apple adapted to the location.

Isaac Bear said the Baldwin has perhaps paid as well as any one variety, but not better than some others. The Spy tree is hardy and much longer lived than the Baldwin. The Spy will keep until April if handled with care. It has a tender skin. All things considered, the Northern Spy has as many if not more good qualities than any other kind, when the tree and fruit are both taken into account.

Secretary LaFleur said his reason for not planting an orchard for market all one variety, is that he is not satisfied that any one variety is the best or adapted to all locations and soils; besides, we want apples for early winter, for mid-winter, and spring. The public requires apples for cooking and for dessert. There are some varieties exactly suited for retailing for eating.

M. A. Powell does not consider the Baldwin a first-class apple. The tree is tender and only bears every other year. The Spy is a better apple, and when once it comes into bearing will produce as much fruit in a term of years as the Baldwin. The Jonathan has done well with him. The tree is healthy, stands the cold winters, and produces good crops of fruit. He would set all Jonathan if planting out 1,000 trees. It is adapted to almost any kind of soil and location. The fruit is of superior quality, hangs well on the tree, is free from worms, and keeps well over winter. It is excellent for cooking, for dessert, and sells well.

Mr. Manwaring considers the Jonathan one of the best. Would not confine himself to any one variety. The three varieties to plant are the Baldwin, Stark, and Jonathan. The Northern Spy is also a good apple and has many good points; it is tardy in coming into bearing, but when once well established it is certainly among the best.

The subject of peaches was then taken up. A. J. Warner said the very early and the latest sorts had brought him the most money. With the present supply of peaches he would plant early and late, avoiding the middle season. There are some difficulties in the way of peach-growing—insect enemies and yellows, a disease resulting from the condition of the atmosphere, same as ague with man. We must plant hardy varieties on favorable locations, to grow peaches successfully.

G. O. Huskinson had a peach orchard situated on high ground; the orchard had produced regular crops since coming into bearing; the early peaches and the very latest had brought the best price; there is usually a glut in the market about the time Early Crawford and Barnard ripen.

Christian Loew does not consider it good policy to go to extremes in anything. It is evident that the very early and the very late peaches are bringing the best prices at present. This condition may not always continue. People are planting extensively of the varieties that ripen early and late. It may be that a glut will follow if too many are grown for that season. He preferred to set varieties that would ripen through the entire season, thinking it safe to plant largely of the later sorts as the market at

that time has less competition from the south; had noticed that late peaches always brought good prices. We need different varieties, as different kinds need different soil and elevation. Plant only of the hardy varieties.

Andrew Bates asked if there are any varieties of peach that can be depended upon to reproduce the same from the pit. So far as he had observed the seedlings were the most hardy. If one could produce a race of seedlings of good fruit it would be of great benefit.

Charles Manwaring had grown Hill's Chilli from the pit. They mostly come true. There are some kinds of budded peach that are as hardy as most seedlings. Fruit-growers learn which varieties they are, by observation. We should experiment with seedlings. All our most valuable kinds come from seedlings. It costs something to experiment, but it pays in the end.

Andrew Bates asked is there any way to prevent mice from girdling young peach trees.

A. J. Warner answered: Bank the trees with fresh earth in autumn, one foot high. This will prevent them.

Christian Loew had grown wheat and oats in his orchard. The wheat was an injury to the trees and oats are almost sure death to young orchards; planted corn and potatoes in the orchard; had not found them any detriment to the trees. It is safe to plant corn, potatoes, or beans in a young peach orchard, provided you don't cultivate the ground too late in the season.

J. M. Granger had heard it stated that potatoes are not good for the peach orchard. Has anyone present had any experience with planting potatoes in peach orchards, as compared with other food crops? Isaac Bear had planted potatoes among young peach trees; had not observed any bad effect on the trees; his soil is strong clay loam; some sand and gravel. The secretary said, if you plant potatoes in a peach orchard, you should apply plenty of ash to the peach trees. Ashes will restore the alkali that the potatoes extract from the soil. Peach trees should be well supplied with ashes sowed broadcast on the ground. Ransom Reed had grown peaches for twenty-five years without a single failure. His soil is strong, with clay sub-soil. The Hill's Chilli is reliable with him, one of the best; would plant only tree hardy sorts.

G. W. Sink had grown peaches for many years; had found none superior to some of the old-fashioned seedlings; most of the so-called improved budded kinds lack flavor and the trees are tender.

Celery in Winter.

There are two ways of keeping celery so as to preserve it uninjured during the winter months, and that may readily be accessible. If only a small quantity is kept for the use of an ordinary family, the most convenient way is to have the celery in a cellar, provided, however, that the cellar is a cool one. It is impossible to keep celery in a cellar that is very dry and warm; but ordinarily a place can be found in any cellar in some measure suitable for the preservation of that plant. The usual method of keeping celery in the cellar is to have it packed in half-barrels, with soil or sand filled in amongst it. The half-barrel is a very convenient receptacle, and, perhaps, as good as any, although, if the celery is long, a great portion of its length may protrude above the barrel, in which case it suffers considerable damage by exposure to the dry air of the cellar. We think a narrow but deep box is better than a shallow one, and we prefer to just the celery, which should have its roots on. Pack the plants tightly together as possible without breaking the stems, and place neither sand nor soil amongst them. If the box is high enough to receive the whole length of the plants, and they are tightly packed together, they will usually keep better than if packed loosely with sand or any such material around them.

When quantities of five hundred and upwards are to be kept, the better plan is to simply have a few in the cellar for immediate use, the main supply being packed out of doors in a trench in the ground. There it keeps for a long time fresh and crisp, and as the supply in the cellar is exhausted, a fresh supply is taken in from the trench. This trench must be in high, dry ground, where water can never stand. The plan of construction is simple, yet a few rules must be observed to insure perfect success. It should not be made over eighteen inches wide—fifteen is better—because, if very wide, such a quantity of celery will be buried together that heat is engendered, and rot quickly ensues. It should be a few inches greater in depth than the length of the celery. This is to admit of the plants being packed in upright, leaving a space between their tops and the cover of the trench. The space is for the purpose of allowing a current of air to pass over the plants, in mild weather, from openings at each end of the trench, after that has been snugly covered over. This is of great importance, because, in our severe climate, the trench must have a good covering over it, or the celery will be frozen during severe spells. Mild weather is sure to intervene, when the air in the trench should be set in motion, and the accumulation of moisture, caused by the confined atmosphere, dried up by a current of fresh air, hence the necessity of a free air space over the plants and openings at the ends of the trench. The cover should be of short pieces of board that may be removed as the celery is taken away. Over the boards a layer of straw or litter should be placed first, then about a foot of soil, and, if the weather of mid-winter proves very severe, an additional covering of litter should be thrown on. If the trench is long, air pipes should be inserted in the top of the trench, about twenty feet apart, to allow the heated air to escape in favorable weather.—*Currier's Monthly.*

A New York Orchard.

A correspondent of the *Orange County Farmer*, speaking of an orchard in Delaware Co., N. Y.:

Mr. Smith has taken a great deal of interest in the planting and grafting of choice varieties of apples in his orchards, of which he has three on different parts of his farm. Besides these there are many scattering trees of various growth which are top-grafted so that he is always supplied with plenty of good apples. He has taken much pains

in testing different varieties to ascertain which are best suited to his location and the tastes of his family.

From his experience he would especially recommend the following sorts for this locality: Red Astrachan, Duchess of Oldenburg, Sweet Bough, Golden Sweet, Chango Strawberry and Alexander for early and of winter sorts Spitzenburg, King, N. Spy, Swaar and Talmay Sweet are among those which please him best.

He has tried the plan so highly recommended by some of transplanting natural or seedling trees which have come up about the fields and top grafting when well started in the orchard. Has planted three trees on the same soil and at about the same time as trees of good quality and in good condition procured from nursery in western New York and the results were decidedly in favor of nursery trees. This serves to corroborate the views long held by the writer that well grown and carefully handled nursery trees were much preferable for planting in an orchard to the dwarfed and stunted trees found growing in hedge rows about the farm.

Royalty on New Fruits.

W. S. Devereaux, in *The Hubbardman*, treats this matter very sensibly, and cites an instance where a new fruit was in effect "patented" with good returns to those who bore the expense and labor of its propagation. Mr. Devereaux asks:

Can a new seedling, or hybrid fruit, be patented, or control be secured for a term of years? Would not such a protection, given originators by law be beneficial to pomological progress? As it is the toll and study of one who improves a fruit is very meagerly paid. It often happens he can not hold the increase of propagation until he has a suitably large stock to put on the market, trying in two seasons of high novelty prices to reap a handsome reward. A new variety can't be sold with a gratifying rapidity without a comprehensive trial, and the good word of many planters and experimenters is needed.

Alas! When this is attained the control and financial benefit has passed far beyond the introducer's command. A sort of royalty bearing to the originator a percent, or all the new scions, buds, wood, or roots produced by plants sold, reaches the object sought. And we have an instance where this sort of control has been successfully maintained, despite threatened test cases and much lawing. It is the Niagara grape company, and their history has been a remarkably smooth and prosperous one. Their term of control, something like ten years, will end in vines sold under contract with the wood of 1888. But it may be said their control was released to the public in 1885, when they gave up their invariable course of selling vines by the acre to planters, and for the first time began selling single vines, or by the dozen, or hundred.

Especially with such a course as they have pursued the main support to success is in the genuineness of the claims put forth for the new variety. Without that, the very contract would bring disaster to profitable ends. Hence, a defective variety could only be made to turn money by foisting it upon the market in one flood and before it became thoroughly known. If the published statements are correct none of the varieties of grapes brought out in this country have obtained such a large acreage in so short a time as the Niagara, and the supposition is at once taken, the grape must be a deserving one to be sold in such quantities and at such a period of close times. The variety is certainly a marvel of combined good qualities and on this reality was built the plan of disseminating it. The extraordinary scheme, adopted by the Niagara grape company, gave them complete control for a long term of years. This answered all the purposes of a patent, giving the company the entire sales and all the profits to the exclusion of all nurserymen, hence they became prosperous and able to perfect extensive methods of introducing the variety. Until 1885 planting, their restrictions excluded the purchase of single vines. The sales were confined to vineyard planting and the contract made the planter accountable for the care of the vines, and also for the wood or trimmings, which he was obliged to ship to the company every fall. Not a single planter was allowed to propagate. It would at first appear that only a few men could be induced to sign such a contract which would, on default of good care, and general observance of the terms, bring the forfeit of the vineyard to the company. Yet so excellent were the grapes, strong and prolific were the vines, coupled with the high standing of the testimonials, and honorable reputation of the members of the company, that year by year many hundreds of acres were contracted to planters in areas from one to fifty acres.

In 1885 vines were sold completely without restrictions and now there are some young vines for sale by numerous propagators. However, the company is getting, and will for a long time, get the larger share of the sale of vines because they have adopted a seal fastened to each vine. A warranty. After all there is every reason to expect that the company will experience some difficulty in collecting installments and they will now and then be obliged to seize vineyards to secure pay. In this respect the verdict in favor of the complete success of the scheme is premature, for the company will not have gathered this harvest of the contract system for a long time yet.

The origin of this vine is another example of success realized only after long and persistent outlay of time and money, and happily in this case a financial reward, so often lacking to the originator of a new fruit, was added to the favorable issue of hybridizing and seed sowing. Mr. C. L. Hoag, of Lockport, N. Y., has been for a long time deeply engaged in the fascinating enterprise of hybridizing, planting seedlings and propagating the grape. In 1863 the Niagara was brought into existence. Of his, what may be termed a life work, it is more than one—out of a million or more seedlings—that amounted to anything. This vine gave promise from the first, but so used to the usual run of defective kinds, Mr. Hoag did not dare to rely on it for a long time, neither did he feel able to lay out more money propagating and holding the stock; his work had been costly and profitless; not till ten years afterwards, during which time it had attracted the admiration of his friends, did it become announced to the public and then it was by these friends, at

the Western New York Horticultural Society. These gentlemen, co-citizens of his, came to him and offered the capital and joined with him in a stock company with such an auspicious beginning that very soon shares doubled in value, and could not be found for sale at all. The company has derived great wealth from this vine, I venture several millions of dollars. The grape derives its yellow green, or white color, decided perfume, and lusciousness from its parent Cassaday, and from the mother Concord the hardy vigorous growth and productiveness.

Raspberry Culture for Farmers.

The following is condensed from one of the institute talks by C. L. Smith: Raspberries are easily grown on any soil that will grow good potatoes. The best time to plant is late in fall or early in spring. Of the red raspberry we find three varieties adapted to our climate: Philadelphia, Turner and Cuthbert. They should be planted each way, and the easiest way for any farmer to care for them is to cover the ground so deep with straw or mulch of some sort that no grass or weeds can grow. If this is done as soon as they are planted there will be no trouble with suckers. Late in November, each fall, with a load of straw or the wagon drive astride the row, bending the canes all one way with the wagon axle, throw over them enough straw to hold them down and cover them. This gives protection from freezing and thawing and from exhausting winds, and leaves the vitality in the canes where it is needed to produce a good crop of fruit. The Turner will not kill down when left uncovered, but the vitality of the cane becomes so exhausted that it will not produce much fruit. The increased yield, when protected, will pay the expense ten times over. Uncover early in the spring, stamp the straw well in around the roots, cut the old dead canes, shorten the new ones to about three feet and tie to stakes or wires.

Of the black caps the Doolittle is the farmer's berry. Plant these about six feet apart. Mulch with straw the same as the red varieties, and saw four "stunt" stakes three and one-half feet long, one end square, and sharpen the other. Set these in a square around your hill, sixteen inches apart and thirty inches high. On the square end of the stakes nail four slats, forming a square; train your vines up through this. Pinch the ends of canes when a foot above the stakes.

In November cover this bunch of vines and trellis with a big fork full of slough hay or straw, pinning it flat with a stick or lath. In the spring work the straw down around the roots and shorten the canes close up to the stakes. Repeat this process from year to year. So trained he knows of no one who has missed a full crop in sixteen years. If grass appears above the mulch pull it out.

Horticultural Notes.

The western portion of Allegan County shipped 1,215,345 baskets of peaches during the past season. About 100,000 trees were set in 1887.

A New York onion-grower told the local farmers' club that he defended his onion beds from the maggot by sowing fine salt over them.

The five principal fruit growing townships in Allegan County this season produced nearly 10,000 barrels of apples for shipment. About 10,000 cases of berries were shipped, chiefly from Saugatuck and Douglas.

CULVER GILLETTE, of West Onondaga, N. Y., raised \$350 worth of potatoes, sweet corn, celery, turnips, squash, cucumbers and tomatoes upon one-fourth of an acre. The secret was heavy manuring and thorough cultivation.

Prof. Tracy says: "It is easy to tell by the flower whether a sort of tomato will have smooth fruit or lobed by looking at the pistil. If round like a thread, the ovary beneath is smooth. If flattened or fluted, it is lobed, and so will the fruit be."

The Niagara Grape Company is said to have done remarkably well, financially, with its grape, the Niagara, sold under restrictions which gave the originators and handlers a fair show for the time, patience and money expended in its propagation.

The Country Gentleman says: "While the Kieffer may not become a general favorite as an eating pear, it has remarkable qualities for canning. Several years ago we were present at a set of canned Kieffer in competition with Bartlett and two or three other varieties, and the verdict was unanimous for Kieffer. It seemed to combine the good qualities of pear, peach and quince."

L. B. ARNOLD states the amount of evaporated fruit now entering into commerce is not far from a million fifty-pound cases annually. In view of this vast aggregate economical production becomes a study. Prof. Arnold says that though the hot air system is cheaper at first cost and requires less skill in managing than steam, the advantages of the latter over hot air are too numerous to be disregarded.

J. M. GRANGER, of Monterey, Allegan Co., last season used Paris green on his orchard trees for the codling moth, and reports that though the force-pump was not of sufficient capacity, so the work was not properly done, he was so well satisfied with the result that he should buy a larger force-pump next season and give it a thorough trial. He used one pound of Paris green in forty gallons of water, applying it immediately after the blossoms had fallen and the apple was just forming. The work of spraying an orchard is not so great as he had anticipated.

NEW ENGLAND horticulturists say that the rosbough on the grape vine can be prevented by laying the vines on the ground, thus causing early blossoming and before the rosbough gets around. Mr. Graves, of Sunderland, Mass., said he had found that the best fertilizer for the apple and quince was bone potash and stable manure applied late in the fall or early in the spring. Mr. Upton, of North Andover, had found Paris green applied on grape vines as on potato vines most satisfactory as a rosbough destroyer. Mr. Briggs, of Springfield, said he took a pan, filled it with live coals, placed upon them pieces of old rubber, and occasionally wandered in and among his peach trees early in the morning and let the smoke of the burning rubber rise in the midst of the foliage. This settled the rosbough. This application, say three times a week, was sufficient. Bugs on apple trees and in fact pretty much all foliage could not seem to be able to stand the rubber smoke.

Apiarian.

Mr. A. L. Root has spent \$1,000 experimenting with foul brood in the endeavor to eradicate it, and now says it would have been cheaper to have burned up his colonies and started new.

Dr. C. C. MILLER's 363 colonies of bees will this year give him only about 300 pounds of honey. He has already fed out a ton of granulated sugar to his bees. A few years ago his apiary of 173 colonies gave him over eight tons of comb honey.

THIRTY-THREE names were proposed for the product of the apiary known as extracted honey, at the late meeting of the North American Bee-keepers' Society, but none of them were so expressive as the term already in use.

Mr. G. W. DEMAREE says, in reference to providing bees with water in confinement: A pad made of cotton cloth and filled with fine sawdust, well soaked in water, will hold moisture for a long time and, if the shipping bee is the pound, etc., I have tested the sawdust pad thoroughly, and it has stood the severest trials, holding the moisture till the bees reached the end of their journey, be it long or short.

If only a very small quantity of granulated honey is put into liquid honey it will all be granulated in a very short time, so barrels or vessels which have held granulated honey will, if refilled with liquid honey, soon cause it all to become solid. In the same way sections which have been partially filled one season and the unoccupied cells granulated, will, if used another season, make all the honey granulate.

Mr. A. L. Root thinks if he owned a small apiary and discovered foul brood in it, he would burn up the whole business rather than endeavor to experiment in curing the disease. If the larva is elastic and rosy it is a sure indication of foul brood. This is a sure test, but the odor is not to be relied upon.

The bee-keepers of the country assembled in convention at Chicago last month, discussed at considerable length the question whether legislation in reference to bee-keeping, priority of location, etc., being included, was desirable; and it was the sense of the convention that legislation was neither feasible nor desirable.

JAMES HEDDON, of Dowagiac, tells his brother bee-keepers how he liquifies honey for shipment: "One end of the cellar under my honey-house is partitioned off from the rest of the cellar. In this small space is a stove, and in connection with the stove is a coil of steam-pipe which heats not only this small space, but a large box above it on the first floor. In this box can be placed 800 pounds of honey in cans. The cans are put in at night, a chunk of wood put into the stove, and the next morning will find the honey all melted; when it may be removed and a like amount of candied honey put in its place. I can in this manner liquify 1,600 pounds of honey per day with very little labor. The square, jacketed tin cans are the best package for a jobbing trade."

The Canadian Bee Journal says that a great deal of care should be exercised in putting bees into winter quarters: "If the hives are carried in one at a time in your arms, the end of the frames should stand longwise from you because if the frames stand sidewise, the sudden jar of moving causes them to oscillate, disturbing the bees, frequently breaking the clusters, causing them to gorge themselves with stores, and rendering the possibility of wintering more difficult, because of the fact that it is usually warmer in the bee-house than out doors at the time of carrying them in, they will not cluster again so tightly in the bee-house or cellar. If placed into winter quarters without being disturbed they, of course remain clustered in just that much more compact a form, and will not consume nearly so much food. Before we start to carry them in we close all the entrances, then if they should receive a slight jar that would otherwise disturb them, seeing no light they are not nearly as liable to become excited. The entrance blocks are left on the hives in the bee-house until all are in. After making all dark inside the entrance blocks are removed, leaving the entrance full width again. We then remove the lid, and the propolis quit, putting on one that will allow the moisture to escape."

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Poetry.

SHIPS AT SEA.

I am hearing the footsteps of June,
My Pearl,
The forest's garden in bloom.
My Girl,
My window looks out on the silvery tide
Where shadowy ships at anchor ride,
And I catch a glimpse of my ship's white sails,
Filled with a breath of the summer's gales,
And freighted with treasures for me,
My Pearl,
Treasures from over the sea—
My Girl,
The first is the schooner Hopo,
My Pearl,
And I fancy my hands on the rope,
My Girl,
Spreading her sails to the freshening breeze,
Sailing away o'er the silvery seas,
Leaving behind my youth's lost shore,
Sailing away to return no more,
Leaving the darkness behind,
My Pearl,
Sailing the sunlight to find
My Girl,
Next comes the frigate Fand,
My Pearl,
She sails o'er a stormy main,
My Girl,
Where the billows break with an angry roar,
And she heeds no lights on life's dim shore,
But here and there o'er a harbor bar,
Sails in and out like a wandering star,
In and out with a breath,
My Pearl,
As she follows a pirate "Death,"
My Girl,
Then comes the schooner Love,
My Pearl,
Sailing from heaven above,
My Girl,
And a woman stands in a snowy prow,
With tangled gold on her fair low brow,
Reaching her jeweled arms to me,
Like a wreath of show o'er the throbbing sea,
I'm hearing a whisper sweet,
My Pearl,
And I lay my heart at your feet,
My Girl,
These are the ships that I see,
My Pearl,
Freighted with treasures for me,
My Girl,
But whether they'll sail o'er my harbor bar
With the treasures brought from the lands afar,
Or whether away, in the mist and gloom,
They'll sail with the sunshine and dreams of June
God knows alone, for from heaven above
He sails all three, Hope, Fame, and Love;
But He doeth all things for the best,
My Pearl,
And He giveth the weary ones rest,
My Girl.

AT WAKING.

Of I have awakened at the break of day,
And from my window looking forth have
found
All dim and strange the long familiar ground:
But soon I saw the mist glide slow away,
And leave the hills in wondrous green array,
While from the stream sides and the groves
around
Rose many a pensive, day-entrancing sound,
And in the fields young life began to play.
Will it be even so when first we wake
Beyond the night in which we merged all
nights,
The soul sleep heavy and forlorn will ache,
Deeming herself mid alien sounds and sights;
And then the gradual day, with comfort break
Along the old deeps of being, the old heights?

—Edith M. Thomas.

Miscellaneous.

A STOLEN CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"I don't s'pose you air goin' to do much Christmas over to your house?"
Mrs. Luther Ely stood looking over her gate. There was a sweet, hypocritical smile on her little thin red mouth. Her old china blue eyes stared as innocently as a baby's, although there was a certain hardness in them. Her soft wrinkled cheeks were pink and white with the true blond tints of her youth, which she had never lost. She was now an old woman, but people still looked at her with admiring eyes, and probably would until she died. All her life long her moral of the world had had in it a sweet savor of admiration, and she had snatched her little feminine lips over it greedily. She expected every one to contribute toward it, even this squat, shabby, defiant old body standing squarely out in the middle of the road. Marg'ret Poole had stopped unwillingly to exchange courtesies with Mrs. Luther Ely. She looked aggressive. She eyed with a sideways glance the other woman's pink, sninking face.
"Tain't likely we be," she said, in a voice which age had made gruff instead of piping. Then she took a step forward.
"Well, we ain't goin' to do much," continued Mrs. Ely, with an air of subdued loftiness. "We air jest goin' to hev a little Christmas tree for the children. Flora's goin' to git a few things. She says there's a very nice 'sorrentum' up to White's."
Marg'ret gave a kind of affirmative grunt; then she tried to move on, but Mrs. Ely would not let her.
"I dun know as you hev noticed our new curtains," said she.
Had she not? Poor Marg'ret Poole, who had only green paper shades in her own windows, had peeped slyly around the corner of one, and watched mournfully, though not enviously, her opposite neighbor tacking up those elegant Nottingham lace draperies, and finally tying them back with bows of red ribbon.
Marg'ret would have given much to have scouted scornfully the idea, but she was an honest old woman, if not a sweet one.
"Yes, I see 'em," said she, shortly.
"Don't you think they're pretty?"
"Well 'nough," replied Marg'ret, with another honest rigor.
"They cost considerable. I told Flora I thought she was kind of extravagant; but then Sam's airn't pretty good wages. I dun know but they may jest as well hev things. Them white cotton curtains looked dreadful kind of gone by."
Marg'ret thought of her green paper ones. She did not hate this other old woman; she at once admired and despised her, and this admiration of one whom she despised made her angry with herself and ashamed. She was never at her ease with Mrs. Luther Ely.
Mrs. Ely had run out of her house on purpose to intercept her and impress her with her latest grandeur—the curtains and the Christmas tree. She was sure of it. Still

she looked with fine appreciation at the other's delicate pinky lace, her lace cap adorned with purple ribbons, her black gown with a flounce around the bottom, and her own was only a checkered calico. Black wool of an afternoon was sumptuous to her. She thought how genteel she looked in it. Mrs. Ely still retained her slim, long-waisted effect. Marg'ret had lost every sign of youthful grace; she was solidly square and stout.

Mrs. Ely had run out, in her haste, without a shawl; indeed, the weather was almost warm enough to go without one. It almost seemed as if one by listening intently might hear frogs or bluebirds.

Now Marg'ret stepped resolutely across the street to her little house, which was shingled, but not painted, except on the front. Some one had painted that red many years before.

Mrs. Ely, standing before her shabby white cottage, which had even a neat little hood over its front door, cried, patronizingly, after her once again.

"I'm comin' over to see you as soon as I kin," said she, "after Christmas. We air dreadful busy now."

"Well, come when ye kin," Marg'ret responded, shortly. Then she entered between the dry lilac bushes, and shut the door with a bang.

Even out in the yard she had heard a shrill clamor of children's voices from the house; when she stood still in the little entry it was deafening.

"Them children is raisin' Cain," muttered she. Then she threw open the door of the room where they were. There were three of them in a little group near the window. Their round yellow heads bobbed, their fat little legs and arms swung wildly.

"Granny! granny!" shouted they.
"For the land sake, don't make such a racket!" Mrs. Ely kin heard you over to her house," said Marg'ret.

"Untie us. Ain't ye goin' to untie us now? Say, Granny."

"I'll untie ye jest as soon as I kin get my things off. Stop bollerin'."

In the ceiling were fixed three stout hooks. A strong rope was tied around each child's waist, and the two ends fastened securely around a hook.

The ropes were long enough to allow the children free range of the room, but they kept them just short of one dangerous point—the stove. The stove was the fiery dragon which haunted Marg'ret's life. Many a night did she dream that one of these little cotton petticoats had whisked too near it, and the flames were roaring up around a little yellow head.

Many a day, when away from home, the same dreadful picture had loomed out before her eyes; her lively fancy had untied these stout knots, and she had hurried home in a panic.

Marg'ret took off her hood and shawl, hung them carefully in the entry, and dragged a wooden chair under a hook. She was a short woman, and she had to stretch up on her tiptoes to untie those hard knots. Her face turned a purplish-red.

This method of restriction was the result of long thought and study on her part. She had tried many others, which had proved ineffectual. Willy, the eldest, could master knots like a sailor. Many a time the grandmother had returned to find the house empty. Willy had unfastened his own knot and liberated his little sisters, and then all three had made the most of their freedom. But even Willy, with his sharp five-year-old brain and his nimble little fingers, could not untie a knot whose two ends brushed the ceiling. Now Marg'ret was sure to find them all where she left them.

After the children were set at liberty she got their supper, arranging it neatly on the table between the windows. There was a nice white table cover, and the six silver teaspoons shone. The teaspoons were the mark of a flood-tide of Marg'ret's aspirations, and she had had aspirations all her life. She had given them to her daughter, the children's mother, on her marriage. She herself had never owned a bit of silver, but she determined to present her daughter with some.

"I'm goin' to hev you hev things like other folks," she had said.

Now the daughter was dead, and she had the spoons. She regarded the daily use of them as an almost sinful luxury, but she brought them out in their heavy glass tumbler every meal.

"I'm goin' to hev them children learn to eat off silver spoons," she said, defiantly, to their father; "they'll think more of themselves."

The father, Joseph Snow, was trying to earn a living in the city, a hundred miles distant. He was himself very young, and had not hitherto displayed much business capacity, although he was good and willing. They had been very poor before his wife died; ever since he had not been able to do much more than feed and clothe himself. He had sent a few dollars to Marg'ret from time to time—dollars which he had saved and scimped pitifully to accumulate—but the burden of their support had come upon her.

She had sewed carpets and assisted in spring cleanings—everything to which she could turn a hand. Marg'ret was a tailor, but she could now get no employment at her trade. The boys all wore "store clothes" in these days. She could only pick up a few cents at a time; still she managed to keep the children in comfort, with a roof over their heads and something to eat. Their cheeks were fat and pink; they were noisy and happy, and also pretty.

After the children were in bed that night she stood in her kitchen window and gazed across at Mrs. Luther Ely's house. She had left the candle in the children's room—the little things were afraid without it—and she had not yet lighted one for herself; so she could see out quite plainly, although the night was dark. There was a light in the parlor of the opposite house; the Nottingham lace curtains showed finely their pattern of leaves and flowers. Marg'ret eyed them.

"Tain't no use my tryin' to git up a notch," she muttered. "Tain't no use for some folks. They ain't worked no harder than I have; Louisa Ely 'ain't never begun to work so hard; but they kin have lace curtains air Christmas trees."

The words sounded envious. Still she was hardly that; subsequent events proved it. Her "tryin' to git up a notch" explained everything. Mrs. Luther Ely, the lace curtains, and the Christmas tree were

as three stars set on that higher "notch" which she wished to gain. If the other woman had dressed in silk instead of rusty steel, if the lace draperies had been real, Marg'ret would hardly have wasted one thought on them. But Mrs. Luther Ely had been all her life the one notch higher, which had seemed almost attainable. In that opposite house there was only one carpet; Mrs. Ely's son-in-law earned only a comfortable living for his family; Marg'ret's might have done that. Worst of all, each woman had one daughter, and Marg'ret's had died.

Marg'ret had been ambitious all her life. She had made struggle after struggle. The tailor trade was one of them. She made up her mind that she would have things like other people. Then she married, and her husband spent her money. One failure came after another. She slipped back again and again on the step to that higher notch. And here she was to-night, old and poor, with these three helpless children dependent upon her.

But she felt something besides disappointed ambition as she stood gazing out to-night.

"That's the children," she went on; "can't have nothin' for Christmas. I ain't got a cent I kin spare. If I git 'em enough to eat, I'm lucky."

Presently she turned away and lighted a lamp. She had some sewing to do for the children, and was just sitting down with it, when she paused suddenly and stood re-reading.

"I've got a good mind to go down to White's an' see what he's got in for Christmas," said she. "Mebbe Joseph'll send some money 'long next week, an' if he does, mebbe I kin git 'em some little thing. It would be a good plan for me to kind of price 'em."

Marg'ret laid her work down, got her hood and shawl, and went out, tastering the house securely, and also the door of the room where the stove was.

To her eyes the village store which she presently entered was a very emporium of beauty and richness. She stared at the festoons of evergreens, the dangling trumpeys and drums, the counters heaped with cheap toys, with awe and longing. She asked respectfully the price of this and that, some things less pretentious than the others. But it was all beyond her. She might as well have priced diamonds and bronzes. As she stood looking, sniffing in the odor of evergreen and new varnish, which was to her a very perfume of Christmas arising from its fullness of peace and merriment, Flora Trask, Mrs. Ely's daughter, entered. Marg'ret went out quickly. "She'll see I ain't buyin' anything," she thought to herself.

But Marg'ret Poole came again the next day, and the next—morning, afternoon, and evening. "I dun know but I may want to buy some things by-an'-by," she thought the proprietor, extenuatingly, "an' I thought I'd kind of like to price 'em."

She stood about, eying, questioning, and fingering tenderly. No money-tyer came from Joseph. She inquired anxiously at the postoffice many times a day. She tried to get work to raise a little extra money, but she could get none at this time of the year. She visited Mrs. White, the store-keeper's wife, and asked with forlorn hope if she had no tailor-work for her. There were four boys in that family. But Mrs. White shook her head. She was a good woman. "I'm sorry," said she, "but I haven't got a mite. The boys wouldn't wear home-made clothes."

She looked pitifully at Marg'ret's set, disappointed face when she went out.

Finally those animals of sugar and wood, those pink-faced, straight-bodied dolls, those tin trumpets and express wagons, were to Marg'ret as the fair apples hanging over the garden wall were to Christiansa's sons in the Pilgrim's Progress. She gazed and gazed, until at last the sight and smell of them were too much for her.

The evening before Christmas she went up to the postoffice. The last mail was in, and there was no letter for her. Then she kept on to the store. It was rather early, and there were not as yet many customers. Marg'ret began looking about as usual. She might have been in the store ten minutes when she suddenly noticed a parcel on the corner of a counter. It was nicely tied. It belonged evidently either to one of the persons who was then trading in the store or was to be delivered outside later. Mr. White was not in; two of his sons and a boy clerk were waiting upon the customers.

Marg'ret, once attracted by this parcel, could not take her eyes from it long. She pored over the other wares with many side-glances at it. Her thoughts centred upon it, and her imagination. What could be in it? To whom could it belong?

Marg'ret Poole had always been an honest woman. She had never taken a thing which did not belong to her in her whole life. She suddenly experienced a complete moral revision. It was as if her principles, her long watching and longing, had suddenly been reversed. Marg'ret, warily glancing around, slipped that parcel under her arm, opened the door and sped home.

It was better Christmas weather than it had been a week ago. There was now a fine level of snow, and the air was clear and cold. Marg'ret painted as she walked. The snow cracked under her feet. She met many people hurrying along in chattering groups. She wondered if they could see the parcel under her shawl. It was quite a large one.

When she got into her own house she hastened to strike a light. Then she untied the parcel. There were in it some pink sugar cats and birds, two tin horses and a little wagon, a cheap doll, and some bright picture-books, besides a paper of candy.

"My land!" said Marg'ret, "won't they be tickled!"

There was a violent nervous shivering all over her stout frame. "Why can't I keep still?" said she.

She got out three of the children's stockings, filled them, and hung them up beside the chimney. Then she drew a chair before her Bible; she always read a chapter before she went to bed. Marg'ret was not a church member, she never said anything about it, but she had a persistent, reticent

sort of religion. She took up the Bible; then she laid it down; then she took it up again with a clench.

"I don't keer," said she, "I ain't done nothin' so terrible out of the way. What can't be aimed, when anybody's willin' to work, ought to be took. I'm goin' to wait till after Christmas; then I'm jest goin' up to Mrs. White's some afternoon, an' I'm goin' to say, 'Mis' White,' says I, 'the day before Christmas I went into your husband's store, an' I see a bundle a-layin' on the counter, an' I took it, an' said nothin' to nobody. I shouldn't ha' done such a thing if you'd give me work, the way I asked you to, instead of goin' outside an' buyin' things for your boys, an' robbin' honest folks of the chance to earn. Now, Mis' White, I'll tell you jest what I'm willing to do: you give me somethin' to do, and I'll work out twice the price of them things I took, an' we'll call it even. If you don't, all is, your husband will hev to lose it. I wonder what she'll say to that.'"

Marg'ret said this with her head thrown back, in a tone of indescribable defiance. Then she sat down with her Bible and read a chapter.

The next day she watched the children's delight over their presents with a sort of grim pleasure.

She charged them to say nothing about them, although there was little need of it. Marg'ret had few visitors, and the children were never allowed to run into the neighbors'.

Two days after Christmas the postmaster stopped at Marg'ret's house; his own was just beyond.

He handed a letter to her. "This came Christmas morning," said he. "I thought I'd bring it along on my way home. I know you hadn't been in for two or three days, and I thought you were expecting a letter."

"Thank ye," said Marg'ret. She pulled the letter open, and saw there was some money in it. She turned very white.

"Hope you 'ain't got any bad news," said the postmaster.

"No, I ain't," After he had gone she sat down and read her letter with her knees shaking.

Joseph Snow had at last got a good situation. He was earning fifty dollars a month. There were twenty dollars in the lever. He promised to send her that sum regularly every month.

"Five dollars a week!" gasped Marg'ret. "My land! And I've—"

She sat there looking at the money in her lap. It was quite late; the children had been in bed a long time. Finally she put away the money, and went herself. She did not read in her Bible that night.

She could not go to sleep. It was bitterly cold. The old timbers of the house cracked. Now and then there was a sharp report like a pistol. There was a pond near by, and great crashes came from that. Marg'ret might have been, from the noise, in the midst of a cannonade, to which her own guilt had exposed her.

"Tain't nothin' but the frost," she kept saying to herself.

About three o'clock she saw a red glow on the wall opposite the window.

"I'm 'magine' it," muttered she. She would not turn over to look at the window. Finally she did. Then she sprang, and rushed toward it. The house where Mrs. Luther Ely lived was on fire.

Marg'ret threw a quilt over her head, unbolting her front door, and flew. "Fire! fire!" she yelled. "Fire! fire! Oh, Mis' Ely, where be you? Fire! fire! Sam—Sam Trask, you're all burnin' up! Flora! Oh! fire! fire!"

By the time she got in the road she saw black groups moving in the distance. Hoarse shouts followed her cries. Then the church bell clanged out.

Flora was standing in the road, holding on to her children. They were all crying. "Oh, Mis' Poole!" sobbed she, "ain't it dreadful! ain't it awful!"

"Hev you got the children all out?" asked Marg'ret.

"Yes; Sam told me to stand here with 'em."

"Where's your mother?"

"I don't know. She's safe. She waked up first. The young woman rolled her wild eyes toward the burning house. "There she is!" cried she.

Mrs. Ely was running out of the front door with a box in her hand. Her son-in-law staggered after her with a table on his shoulder.

"Don't you go in again, mother," said he. There were other men helping to carry out the goods, and they chimed in. "No," cried they; "tain't safe. Don't you go in again, Mis' Ely!"

Marg'ret ran up to her. "Them curtains," gasped she, "an' the parlor carpet, hev they got them out?"

"Oh, I dun know—I dun know! I'm afraid they 'ain't. Oh, they 'ain't got nothin' out! Everything's all burnin' up! Oh, dear me! oh, dear! Where be you goin'?"

Marg'ret had rushed past her into the house. She was going into the parlor, when a man caught hold of her. "Where are you goin'?" he shouted. "Clear out of this."

"I'm a-goin' to git them lace curtains an' the carpet."

"It ain't any use. We staid in there just as long as we could, tryin' to get the carpet up; but we couldn't stand it any longer; it's chock full of smoke. The man shouted it out, and pulled her along with him at the same time. "There!" said he, when they were out in the road. "Look at that!" There was a flicker of golden fire in one of the parlor windows. Then those lace curtains blazed. "There!" said the man again. "I told you it wasn't any use."

Marg'ret turned on him. There were many other men within hearing. "Well, I wouldn't tell of it," said she, in a loud voice. "If I was a pack of stout, able-bodied men, and couldn't ha' got out them curtains an' that carpet afore they burnt up, I wouldn't tell of it."

Flora and her children had been taken into one of the neighboring houses. Mrs. Ely still stood out in the freezing air clutching her box and wailing. Her son-in-law was trying hard to persuade her to go into the house where her daughter was.

Marg'ret joined them. "I would go if I was you, Mis' Ely," said she.

"No, I ain't goin'." I don't care where I

be. I'll stay right here in the road. Oh, dear me!"

"Don't take on so."

"I ain't got a thing left but jest my best cap here. I did git that out. Oh dear! oh dear! everything's burnt up but jest this cap. It's all I've got left. I'll jest put it on an' set right down here in the road an' freeze to death. Nobody'll care. Oh dear! dear! dear!"

"Oh, don't, Mis' Ely," Marg'ret, almost rigid herself with the cold, put her hand on the other woman's arm. Just then the roof of the burning house fell in. There was a shrill wail from the spectators.

"Do come, mother," Sam begged, when they had stood staring for a moment.

"Yes, do go, Mis' Ely," said Marg'ret. "You mustn't feel so."

"It's easy 'nough to talk," said Mrs. Ely. "Tain't your house; an' if 'twas, you wouldn't ha' much to lose—nothin' but a passel of old wooden cheers an' tables."

"I know it," said Marg'ret.

Finally Mrs. Ely was started, and Marg'ret hurried home. She thought suddenly of the children and the money. But the children had not waked in all the tumult, and the money was where she had left it. She did not go to bed again, but sat over the kitchen stove thinking, with her elbows on her knees, thinking, until morning.

When morning came she had laid out one plan of action.

That afternoon she took some of her money, went up to Mr. White's store, and bought some Nottingham lace curtains like the ones her neighbors had lost. They were of the same price.

"That evening she went to call on Mrs. Ely, and presented them. She tried to think that she might send the parcel anonymously—leave it on the door-step; but she could not.

"'Twon't mortify me so much as 'twill the other way," said she, "an' I'd ought to be mortified."

So she carried the curtains, and met with a semblance of gratitude, and a reality of amazement and incredulity, which shamed her beyond measure.

After she got home that night she took up the Bible, then laid it down. "Here I've been talkin' an' worryin' about gittin' up a higher notch," said she, "an' kin kind of despise Mis' Ely when I see her on one of Mis' Ely's wouldn't have stole. I ain't nothin' side of her now, an' I never kin be."

The scheme which Marg'ret had laid to confront Mrs. White was never carried out. Her defiant spirit had failed her.

One day she went out and begged for work again. "I'm willin' to do 'most anythin'," said she. "I'll come an' do your washin', or anythin', an' I don't want no pay."

Mrs. White was going away the next day, and she had no work to give the old woman; but she offered her some fuel and some money.

Marg'ret looked at her scornfully. "I've got money enough, thank ye," said she. "My son sends me five dollars a week."

The other woman stared at her with amazement. She told her husband that she believed Marg'ret Poole was getting a little unsettled. She did not know what to make of her.

Not long after that Marg'ret went into Mr. White's store, and slyly laid some money on the counter. She knew it to be enough to cover the cost of the articles she had stolen. Then she went away and left it there.

That night she went after her Bible. "I declare I will read it to-night," muttered she, "I've paid for 'em." She stood eying it. Suddenly she began to cry. "Oh dear!" she groaned; "I can't. There don't seem to be any good—the lace curtains, nor payin' for 'em, nor nothin'." I dun know what I shall do."

She looked at the clock. It was about nine. "He won't be gone yet," said she. She stood motionless, thinking. "If I'm still to-night, I've got to," she muttered. Still she did not start for a while longer.

When she did, there was no hesitation. No argument could have stopped Marg'ret Poole, in her old hood and shawl, pushing up the road, fairly started on her line of duty. When she got to the store she went in directly. The heavy door slammed to, and the glass panes clattered. Mr. White was alone in the store. He was packing up some goods preparatory to closing. Marg'ret went straight up to him, and laid a package before him on the counter.

"I brought these things back," said she; "they belong to you."

"Why, what is it?" said Mr. White, wondering.

"Some things I stole last Christmas for the children."

"What?"

"I stole 'em."

She untied the parcel, and began taking out the things one by one. "They're all here but the candy," said she; "the children ate that up; an' Aggie bit the head off the pink cat the other day. Then they've jammed this little horse consider'ble. But I brought 'em all back."

Mr. White was an elderly, kind-faced man. He seemed slowly palling with amazement as he stared at her and the articles she was displaying.

"You say you stole them?" said he.

"Yes; I stole 'em."

"When?"

"The night afore Christmas."

"D'nt Henry give 'em to you?"

"No."

"Why, I told him to," said Mr. White, slowly. "I did the things up for you myself that afternoon. I know you looking kind of wishful, you seen, and I thought I'd make you a present of them. I left the bundle on the counter when I went to supper, and told Henry to tell you to take it, and I supposed he did."

Marg'ret stood staring. Her mouth was open, her hands were clenched. "I dun know—what you mean," she gasped out at length.

"I mean you 'ain't been stealin' as much as you thought you had," said Mr. White. "You just took your own bundle."—*Harper's Bazar.*

PRaise not the day before the evening glow. You may pray Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood without danger for it brings the glow of health at once. The largest bottle on the market. 120 doses for \$1.00. All druggists sell it.

The Chinese at Home.

A resident of Washington, speaking of the members of the Chinese Legation, says in the *N. Y. Graphic*:

You know we must always realize that they are of the highest rank and culture in their own country. I had many agreeable conversations with Mrs. Anson Burlingame in Bermuda last winter and have since formed an entirely new conception of the Chinese character. She says that the American people only see the refuse of the Chinese nation. Among all the people she has met, and certainly Mrs. Burlingame is sufficiently travelled, she thinks the Chinese are agreeable and courteous in the extreme, extending to travellers and guests all the distinguished attention which is rarely to be found here.

"You do not, you cannot know the Chinese," she once exclaimed. "Any more than a stranger can know and judge of Americans by hoodlums and loafers, Bowery boys and tramps. I know it is unreasonable in me to feel so, for I aware of the ignorance of the best Chinese character prevailing, but when I see indignities put upon them, either on the streets or in the newspapers, I am at once touched with just anger and a loyalty to the class I know, which is actually painful."

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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer is given to subscribers. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify them as subscribers. The questions should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered free of charge. Private address, No. 301 First St., Detroit, Mich.

Tender Feet in a Horse, Resulting from Altered Structure.

INFORM CO., Dec. 6, 1887.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR:—Your reply to my inquiry through the columns of your department just received, and I hasten to answer the questions you ask. My horse has been foundered once, but he is as limber as an eel now. His hind and dam are each sound, and he is sound in all other particulars but his feet. His hoof is contracted, but hardly noticeable. Can drive him on sand a long distance and he shows no soreness except as he may step on gravel or small stones. His feet were round, but are flattening out now and he has not been driven without shoes. At present his foot is growing very fast, and I hope as it should be. Hoping this will aid you fully to describe what treatment I shall give him, I remain
Yours truly, A. SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Your reply to our inquiries in the FARMER of last week, gives us a key to the trouble with your horse. His having been "foundered once," and with prompt treatment made as "limber as an eel," does not make him a sound horse. Lesions (disease of structure) still remain as a permanent barrier to perfect restoration of the injured parts, as proven by the difference in his traveling on the sand, gravel roads, and laminitis, commonly called founder, is an inflammatory condition of the laminae of the feet, which are the most sensitive parts of these important appendages, leaving more or less altered structure behind, no matter how well and promptly it may have been treated. The hoof becomes unusually hard and brittle, and unless carefully shod gradually becomes contracted. The hoof may be kept soft and elastic by the application of the following: White resin, six ounces; spirits turpentine and linseed oil, of each six ounces; beeswax, three ounces; vasoline, three ounces; melt all together. Apply to the hoof and sole of the foot two, three or four times a week as may be necessary. Give the animal a box stall, well littered with straw, and avoid feeding corn.

Endemic Ophthalmia in Sheep.

LAKESIDE, Dec. 6, 1887.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR:—A strange disease has broken out in a flock of 60 ewes belonging to Mr. Robert Edgar, near this place. The eyes of the sheep grow inflamed and a film grows over the eye-ball. Every ewe has been affected, the oldest ewe and 12 others being totally blind; those that are blind seem to be past all help, as they have received the best veterinary skill, but they are unable to give any theory as to the cause. The ram has entirely escaped. Some oats and barley (costs money and barley snuff) had been fed the sheep for ten days previous to the trouble.

S. J. YOUNGMAN.

Answer.—The trouble with your sheep is ophthalmia, evidently due to some local cause. Their feed, "musty oats and snuff barley," alone should have prompted a change of feed; and the diseased separated from the healthy animals. Our own experience will not justify a positive opinion regarding its influence in producing disease. In France botanists, aided by the microscope, have discovered that the cause of smut is a parasitic fungus, which preys not only upon the sap, but destroys the organic structure of the grain and chaff upon which it fixes. Chemical analysis demonstrated that this fungus effects an entire decomposition of the vegetable particles of the grain it infests. Farmer, Cmet, Grot, Fourcroy, Vanqueline and others, have successfully examined it, and the result of their researches is, that smut grains of wheat are composed, 1st, of a green buttraceous, fetid and acid oil; 2d, nearly one-fourth of a vegetable animal substance, perfectly similar to that which comes from putrid glutinous seed, a black coat one-fifth of their weight, similar to that found in all remnants of putrid organic compounds; 4th, free phosphoric acid, amounting scarcely to more than .004 of smut; 5th, phosphates of ammonia, magnesia and lime, in the proportion of a few thousandths. If the veterinary surgeon in attendance on this flock will write us giving symptoms, diagnosis, treatment and other information bearing upon the subject, we will endeavor to give such advice as may check the severity of the disease and possibly restore the defective eyes to their normal condition.

Cribbing in the Horse.

ST. JOHNS, Dec. 12, 1887.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I have a four-year-old gelding, weight about 1,100 lbs., that is afflicted with cribbing. He has been so affected for about six months. Can you prescribe a remedy for it?
A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—We know of no permanent cure for cribbing in the horse. A roller on the front of the manger, running its whole length, with no projections above the stall for the animal to crib upon, acts as a preventive in the stable. Or a cribbing muzzle made for the purpose will prevent a horse from cribbing in the stable or on the road, and does not materially interfere with his feeding. See "Jennings on the Horse and his Diseases."

The Art of Making Fine Butter.

When the cream is taken from the milk in a sweet state it should stand in the cream-top to ripen—that is, to allow a thorough oxidation to take place. If left untouched this would take such a long time that the cream would become rancid, or at least a portion of it would. The process of ripening may be hastened by frequent stirring of the cream. When this is done twenty-four hours are long enough for cream to stand. By this time it will also have become a little acid, it will make a prime article of butter, and keeps better after it is churned perfectly sweet. The sweet-cream butter has a creamy taste, and does not have the rich cream taste when the cream is slightly sour. The formation of the acidity

seems to develop the aroma—all of this delicate flavor can be spoiled by foreign substances, and those not calculated to preserve the purity and perfection of the cream and butter. An enemy must not come in contact with the milk or enter the stomach of the cow, or his foul breath will taint the butter. Making fine butter is after all a fine art, and it is one any woman or man may aspire to practice; when they can do it they may be proud and prosperous.—F. D. Curtis.

Why Apples do not Grow as they Used to in Old Times.

We know that in the early settlement of the country, to plant a fruit tree was all there was to be sure of a certain crop of perfect, smooth, beautiful fruit. Varieties that we cannot grow now, were then very fine and abundant. Wormy fruit was hardly known, and trees were long-lived, healthy, and vigorous. Why is it not so now? Why is it so difficult to grow fine fruit? Our land is richer; we can grow better crops of grain, why not of fruit? There is a reason for it, as there is for other things. It can not be climate, for that is about the same as it always was. The secret is insects. They have multiplied and spread since the early settlement of the country, until they infest every orchard, and spread ruin far and wide. Some are busy at the roots, sapping vitality from them; some at the trunk, boring it full of holes; some of the bark, living to destroy. The branches are full of them. The leaves are infested and eaten by multitudes of them. The tree survives their attacks, but does not prosper. This is the cause of failure of many orchards. We must combat them, if we expect to grow fine fruit. We have illustrated many of the most harmful fruit insects, and told our readers how to subdue them. They who fight insects most, will grow the best fruits of all kinds.—Farm and Garden.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, December 19, 1887.

FLOUR.—Market fairly active and steady at unchanged prices. Quotations on car lots are as follows:

Michigan roller process.....	3 75	4 00
Michigan roller process.....	4 00	4 25
Minnesota, bakers.....	4 15	4 50
Minnesota, bakers.....	4 25	4 50
Minnesota, patent.....	3 35	3 50
Low grades.....	2 35	3 00

WHEAT.—The week closes with spot wheat steady at a shade higher prices than the previous Saturday. Futures have weakened some, May showing a decline of 1/8¢ per bu. Near futures held steady. Closing prices on Saturday were as follows: Spot—No. 1 white, 85¢; No. 2 red, 85¢; No. 3 red, 85¢; Futures—No. 2 red, January, 85¢; May, 90¢; No. 1 white, May delivery, 91¢.

CORN.—Quiet but a shade higher than a week ago. No. 2 is quoted at 54¢, and No. 3 at 53 1/2¢ per bu.

OATS.—Dull but firm. No. 2 white quoted at 34¢, and No. 2 mixed, which are scarce, at 33 1/2¢ per bu.

BARLEY.—Market dull and lower under increasing stock. No. 2 is selling at \$1.50 1/2¢ per cental, and No. 3 at \$1.50 1/4¢. By sample sales of choice are quoted at \$1.50 1/2¢ per cental.

FEED.—By the bulk, feed is quoted for bran. Middlings quoted at \$10.25 per ton. Stocks very light and held firmly.

CLOVER SEED.—The week closed with prices at about the same range as a week ago, namely \$4.05 per bu. for prime, and \$3.85 for No. 3. For February delivery \$4.20 was offered. Sellers are not satisfied with the present prices, and are holding off.

BUTTER.—The market holds very steady. Good to choice dairy is quoted at 15¢ 1/2¢, and extra selections at 16¢ 1/2¢. Medium table grades sold at 15¢ 1/4¢. Creamery is firm at 25¢ 1/2¢. Dairy rolls quoted at 16¢ 1/2¢, and do not sell readily.

CHEESE.—Market quiet but prices are steady at 12¢ 1/2¢ for Michigan full cream; Ohio, 10¢ 1/2¢; New York, 12¢ 1/2¢; skims, 9¢ 1/2¢ for choice.

EGGS.—Fresh command 20¢ per doz., and are in light demand. Lined, dull at 17¢.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messina, per box, \$4.00; 50 oranges, Florida, per box, \$2.50; 50 coconuts, per box, \$5.00; 50 bananas, yellow, per bunch, \$2.00; figs, 10¢ 1/2¢ for layers, 14¢ 1/2¢ for fancy; Malaga grapes, 15¢ 1/2¢ per keg of 55 lbs.

BRESWAX.—Steady at 20¢ 3/4¢ per lb., as to quality.

HONEY.—In fair inquiry and quoted at 18¢ 1/2¢ for choice comb and 16¢ 1/2¢ for extracted.

BRANS.—Market firm and higher. City picked mediums, in car lots, are quoted at \$2.15 per bu., and \$2.25 3/4¢ in small lots from store. Unpicked quoted at 75¢ 1/2¢ per bu.

BALED HAY AND STRAW.—Timothy in car lots is quoted as follows: Prime No. 1, \$1.11; No. 2, \$1.00; No. 3, \$0.90; mixed, 75¢ 1/2¢; clover, 75¢. Straw, 50¢ 1/2¢.

POTATOES.—Quoted at 75¢ 1/2¢ for store lots, and 70¢ 1/2¢ on track. Market firm.

ONIONS.—In fair demand at 22¢ 1/2¢ 50 lb. Stocks are only moderate.

POP CORN.—Quoted at 23¢ 1/2¢ per bu.

BIDES.—Green city, 6¢ 1/2¢ per bu.; country 6¢ 1/2¢; cured, 8¢; green calf, 6¢ 1/2¢; salted, 7¢ 1/2¢; sheep-skins, 50¢ 1/2¢ per 100; bulls, stag and grubby hides 1/4¢ off.

APPLES.—Market quiet. Choice fruit is in limited supply. Prices steady at 15¢ 1/2¢ per bbl., with choice at \$2.00. Some apples are held at 20¢ 1/2¢ per bbl. higher.

CRANBERRIES.—Michigan quoted at 22¢ 1/2¢ 25 lb. bin, and eastern at 23¢ 1/2¢. By the barrel Cape Cod are quoted at \$4.00 1/2¢.

POULTRY.—Quoted as follows: Live, 1/2¢. Roosters, 8¢; hens, 10¢; turkeys, 12¢; ducks, 7¢; spring chickens, 7¢; pair, pigeons, 2¢. Dressed poultry is quoted as follows: Chickens, 10¢; turkeys, 12¢; ducks, 7¢; geese, 8¢. Chickens were in large supply, and rather weak. Poultry for the Christmas market should be shipped at once. If not shipped by 21st it will not reach this market in time.

GRAPES.—Catawba quoted at 50¢. The supply light and market firm.

CABBAGES.—In good inquiry at 55¢ 1/2¢ per 100.

CIDER.—Common, 20¢ 1/2¢, and clarified, 10¢ 1/2¢ per gal.

DRESSED HOGS.—Arrivals by rail and wagon moderate and a further advance has taken place. Good to choice 55¢ 1/2¢ 65 and fancy (under 200 lbs.) 56¢ 1/2¢ per cwt. Rail receipts 400 head.

PROVISIONS.—The advance in hogs has strengthened the market, and all new grades of barreled pork are higher. No other changes. Quotations here are as follows:

Moss, old.....	14 00	24 35
Moss, new.....	15 25	25 10
Short clear.....	16 50	26 10
Lard in barrels.....	7 50	7 75
Lard in kegs.....	7 50	7 75
Ham, 11.....	10 50	11 00
Shoulders, 11.....	7 50	7 75
Choice bacon, 11.....	11 00	11 25
Extra mess beef, per bbl.....	7 00	7 25
Tallow, 11.....	3 50	4 00

Wheat.—The following is a record of an average of the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week, with prices per ton:

Monday—13 loads: Two at \$13.50, \$11.50, \$11.50 and \$10.50; one at \$13.50 and \$10.50.
Tuesday—11 loads: Nine at \$13.50, eight at \$11.50, five at \$11.50, four at \$11.50, three at \$11.50 and \$10.50.
Wednesday—11 loads: Three at \$13.50, four at \$11.50, three at \$11.50, two at \$11.50 and \$10.50; one at \$12.50, \$11.50, \$11.50 and \$10.50.
Thursday—11 loads: Seven at \$13.50 and \$11.50; one at \$12.50, \$11.50, \$11.50 and \$10.50; one at \$12.50, \$11.50, \$11.50 and \$10.50.
Friday—11 loads: Five at \$13.50, \$11.50, \$11.50 and \$10.50; one at \$12.50, \$11.50, \$11.50 and \$10.50.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, Dec. 17, 1887.

CATTLE.—The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 244 head, against 236 last week. The demand for butchers' cattle was in excess of the supply, and for what were offered sellers got a higher price than those ruling last week. The market was very active among the receipts, but they were too heavy for our city and so went east. Each succeeding year our butchers are taking less pride in their Christmas displays, for the reason that they are very expensive, and while pleasing to their customers to look upon a large portion of the carcasses eventually go to the rendering pots. The following were the closing

quotations:

Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs at \$4.25, and extra one to John Robinson weighing 1,520 lbs at \$5.50
Longcor sold Thompson 33 at 60 lbs at \$3.75
Purdy sold Burt Spencer 121 at 78 lbs at \$3.60
Jenny sold Morey 45, part lambs, at 76 lbs at \$3.60
Carroll sold Capis a mixed lot 30 head of thin butchers' stock at 713 lbs at \$2.55
Hope and Phillips & Wreford a mixed lot of 7 head of fair butchers' stock at 1,008 lbs at \$2.50

Beck sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 21 head of fair butchers' stock at 758 lbs at \$2.50; a good steer weighing 1,100 lbs at \$3.75, and a bull weighing 1,350 lbs at \$2.60.

Starkeweather sold John Robinson 9 choice butchers' steers at 1,280 lbs at \$4.40; a fair one at 1,107 lbs at \$3.50, and a fair heifer at 1,000 lbs at \$3.50.

Refus sold Sullivan & F. feeders at 1,036 lbs at \$2.55.

Sullivan & F. sold John Robinson 9 mixed westerns at 1,074 lbs at \$3.10; 3 steers at 1,070 lbs at \$3.50 and 2 bulls at 1,060 lbs at \$2.75.

Jedele sold John Robinson an extra heifer weighing 1,470 lbs at \$4.25; a fair shipping steers at 1,400 lbs at \$4.25 and 2 fair butchers' steers and 2 heifers to Mason at 945 lbs at \$2.75.

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C Roe sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 18 head of good butchers' stock at 700 lbs at \$2.15 and 5 thin ones to Davey at 632 lbs at \$2.45.

Belhimer sold Reid 8 stockers at 773 lbs at \$2.80 and 4 fair butchers' steers to Gibson at 1,000 lbs at \$2.25.

Richmond sold Phillips & Wreford 4 thin cows at 982 lbs at \$2.15.

Wreford & Beck sold Phillips & Wreford 16 choice yearlings at 502 lbs at \$4.40.

Switzer & Ackley sold 21 choice steers at 1,325 lbs at \$4.25 and 3 to Kammon at 1,203 lbs at \$4.50.

Wreford & Beck sold Kelly 34 mixed westerns at 745 lbs at \$2.80 and 27 to Cross at 908 lbs at \$2.75.

Holmes sold Gether 4 good butchers' steers at 977 lbs at \$3.70.

Runnell sold Pallister 8 stockers at 805 lbs at \$2.75.

Evans sold J Wreford 3 fair heifers at 896 lbs at \$2.90 and a mixed lot of 15 head of thin butchers' stock at 856 lbs at \$2.50.

Adams sold Kraft 4 good butchers' steers at 1,164 lbs at \$3.50.

McIntire sold 8 fair heifers at 702 lbs at \$2.85.

Beck sold Hersh 10 choice butchers' steers at 1,175 lbs at \$4.75.

Bunnell sold Capis a mixed lot of 7 head of fair butchers' stock at 800 lbs at \$2.75.

Butler sold McIntire a mixed lot of 7 head of thin butchers' stock at 832 lbs at \$2.50.

Longcor sold Thompson 33 at 60 lbs at \$3.75.

Dennis sold Capis a mixed lot of 7 head of thin butchers' stock at 820 lbs at \$2.50, and 5 stockers to Sullivan & F. at 796 lbs at the same price.

Purdy sold Orleng 6 fair steers and heifers at 893 lbs at \$3.10.

Hope and Phillips & Wreford a mixed lot of 7 head of fair butchers' stock at 1,008 lbs at \$2.50.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

POULTRY AND GAME.

Ship your Poultry, Game, Dressed Hogs, Butter, Eggs, &c., to
E. B. GAWLEY & CO., Commission Merchants,
No. 74 West Woodbridge Street, Detroit, Michigan.

Prompt returns made when goods are sold. Send for printed market reports. Stencil plates furnished free. Poultry for this market must be "down" with head and crop removed.
Reference: A. Ives & Sons, Bankers, Detroit.

\$5.00; good to choice, \$4.00 to \$4.50; fair to average, \$3.50 to \$4.00. Receipts 75,757, against 93,000 the previous week. The offerings of hogs numbered about 12,000. The market was active and prices 50 to 60 cents higher than on Saturday. P